THE TRADER's GARLAND:

Beautified with ſeveral Choice

NEW SONGS.

I. The Trader's Medley; or, The Cries of *London.*

II. A Dialogue between *Jockey* and *Jenny.*

III. The jolly Sailor's farewel to his Love.

IV. The Anſwer to the jolly Sailor.

V. A Song called, *Ge-ho* Dobbin; or, *The Waggoner.*

Licenſed and Enter'd according to Order.

The Trader's GARLAND, &c.

The Trader's Medley; or, The Cries of London.

HOlly and Ivy, and Miſsletoe,
Do you want any Greens your Houſes to ſtrow,
Old Cloaths to ſell, or Change for Earthen Ware,
Do you want any Damſons, or Burgamy Pears:
Buy my Oranges or Lemmons,
With dainty Ropes of Onions,
Come buy my ſweet Williams,
Have you got any Kitchin Stuff Maids.

Four Pair for a Shilling, Holland Socks,
Your Knives for to Grind, buy my fine Apricocks,
Here's your ſharp Vinegar Three-pence a Quart,
Alſo new freſh Herrings here's eight for a Groat.
Ends of Gold and Silver,
Ribbons or Garters,
Buy my new Well-fleet Oyſters,
Old Bellows, old Bellows to mend.

Buy my Cucumbers fit for the Pickle,
And Coney Skins Maids, be they never ſo little;
Here's your ripe Straw-berries ſix Pence a Pottle,
Any old Chairs to mend, any broken Glaſs-bottle,
Curds and Whey,
Will you've any Thing to Day,
If you muſt, come away,
A Pot or a Kettle to mend.

Knives, or Sciſſars, Bukcles, or Caps,
Here's an excellent Way to kill all your Rats,

Hot

Hot Cuſtards hot, for Two-pence a Piece,
Will you buy any Walnuts, or old rotten Cheeſe;
Spectacles for your Noſes,
Will you buy any Poſies;
Of Carnations and Roſes;
Do you want any Butter or Eggs.

Old Shoes or Boots, will you buy any Brooms,
Maids, here's your fine Bruſhes to ſcrub out your Rooms,
A Cock or a Pullet, a Capon or Hen,
And here's your old Pin Man coming again;
My Basket and Voider,
Rare Patches and Powder,
Come buy my ſweet Flounder,
From Holland, here's a new Expreſs.

Ripe Kentiſh Cherries for Three-pence a Pound,
Fig, Fig it a way, for I tell you they're ſound;
Hot Pudding Pies, here's two for a Penny,
Come buy my Card Matches, as long as I've any:
Flowers for your Gardens,
Cobuy me my bak'd Wardens,
Here's two for a Farthing,
Will you buy any *Catherine* Pears.

Hot Spice Ginger-bread, Taffety Tarts,
Here's a Dram of the Bottle to comfort your Hearts.
Dainty fine Ink, you will lik't when you ſee't,
Here's very good Trotters, with Tripe and Neets Feet,
Come, come away Sir,
Buy a Pen-knife, or a Razor,
While I am at Leiſure;
Have you got any Lanthorns to mend.

Buy a Sheet Almanack, hot grey Peaſe,
Come ſee what you lack, and buy what you pleaſe,
A Bruſh for your Shoes, and Combs for your Hair,
Here's diddle diddle Dumplings, Ladies fine ware;

Old

Old Rags for Money,
If you've never ſo many,
I buy more than any;
Here's Milk for a Penny the Quart.

A Dialogue between Jockey *and* Jenny.

JENNY.

STern Winter has left us, the Trees are in Bloom,
And Cowſlips and Violets the Meadows perfume;
While Kids are diſparting, and Birds fill the Spray,
I wait for my *Jockey* to hail the new *May*;
I wait for my Jockey to hail the new May.

JOCKEY.

Among the young Lillies, my *Jenny*, I've ſtray'd,
Pinks, Daiſies, and Wo[illegible]es, I bring to my Maid;
Here's Thyme ſweetly flouriſhing, and Lavender gay,
A Poſey to form for my Queen of the *May*.

JENNY.

Ah! *Jockey*, I fear you intend to beguile,
When ſeated with *Molly* laſt Night on a Stile;
You ſwore that you'd love her for ever and aye,
Forgetting poor *Jenny*, your Queen of the *May*.

JOCKEY.

Young *Willy* is handſome in Shepherd's green Dreſs,
He gave you thoſe Ribbands that hang at your Breaſt;
Beſides three ſweet Kiſſes upon the new Hay,
Was that done like *Jenny*, my Queen of the *May*?

JENNY.

This Garland of Roſes no longer I prize,
Since *Jockey* falſe-hearted his Paſſion denies;
Ye Flowers ſo blooming this inſtant decay,
For *Jenny*'s no longer the Queen of the *May*.

Jockey

JOCKEY.

Believe me, dear Maiden, your Lover you wrong,
Your Name is for ever the Theme of my Song;
From the Dews of pale Eve, to the dawning of Day,
I ſing but of *Jenny*, my Queen of the *May*.

JENNY.

Again balmy Comfort with tranſport I view,
My Fears are all vaniſhed, ſince *Jockey* is true;
Then to our blithe Shepherds the News I'll convey,
That *Jenny* alone you've crown'd Queen of the *May*.

JOCKEY.

Of ev'ry degree ye young Lovers draw near,
Avoid all Suſpicion whate'er may appear;
Believe not your Eyes, if your Peace they decay,
Then come, my dear *Jenny*, and hail the new *May*.

The Sailor's Farewel to his Love.

OH! where have you been my lovely Sailor bold!
Why did you leave me thus for the Sake of curſed Gold?
What though my Father's croſs, my Mother ſhe is kind;
Therefore my Father's Croſſneſs you never need to mind:
Now *Johnny* with me ſtay, ſince you are ſafe on Shore,
And never my dear *Johnny*, now never leave me more.

Alas! my deareſt *Nancy*, with Joy I you receive,
It was your Father's Croſſneſs which made me for to grieve;
But ſince your Mother's kind, Father I do not fear:
Then pray now go and fetch her, ſhe'd Joy to ſee me here;
Thou art the only Girl, my Dear, that I do adore,
But long I cannot ſtay, e'er ſoon I muſt quit the Shore.

Theſe Words, my deareſt *Johnny*, does cut me to the Heart,
To think that I ſo quickly again from you muſt Part:
Why will you ſail the Seas, where ſtormy Winds do blow,
When you may ſtay in Safety at home with me you know?

What

What need you for to go, ſince you may live happy here?
Then can you be ſo cruel to leave your only Dear?

He cry'd, I am a Servant unto my King you know,
And when that he commands me, I'm forced for to go:
It was my Father's Croſſneſs, my roving Fancy too,
Which drove me firſt to Sea, and bid this Land adieu:
Therefore, my deareſt *Nancy*, be not caſt down or ſad,
For of all other Callings, a Sailor's the beſt Lad.

She cry'd, I love a Sailor, they are the beſt of Hearts,
They keep us from our Enemy, and ſail to foreign Parts;
They ſail unto the *Indies*, to bring home Riches ſtore,
And was it not for Sailors, this Land would be but poor:
But now, my deareſt *Johnny*, I cannot from you part,
For when you talk of going, it cuts me to the Heart.

John reply'd, Since I muſt go, chear up my *Nancy* dear,
I'll riffle all the *Indies*, to bring you Treaſure here;
With many fine Curioſities, and charming Silks great Store,
Enough for to maintain us both while we are on the Shore:
Then kiſſing of her Coral Lips, young *John* he took his Leave
And left his charming *Nancy* his Abſence for to grieve.

The Anſwer to the jolly Sailor.

FROM *Plymouth Johnny* ſailed, unto the *Indies* bound,
And all his Undertakings with great Succeſs were crown'd.
In ſix Months he arrived upon the *Indian* Shore,
Where by the Way of Traffick he obtained Riches ſtore;
And then deſign'd for *England*, his Voyage for to take,
Having run many Hazards for his dear *Nancy*'s Sake.

His gallant Ship was fraughted, then with a pleaſant Gale,
Sweet *Johnny* and his jovial Crew for *England* hoiſted Sale:
The Wind with friendly Breeſes blew from the Cryſtal Skie,
The ſofty Ship like *Neptune*'s upon the Billows ride;
Each Wind did bring the Veſſel to the deſired Shore,
At *Plymouth* he arrived with Gold and Silver ſtore.

Then coming for the Land, and ſeeing of his *Nancy* dear,
He took her by the Hand, my Deareſt do not fear:

Now

Now I have got Riches ſtore, for to maintain us both
Together on the Shore, to part with thee I'm loath:
My deareſt *Nancy* now, we will married be,
And all my Gold and Treaſure I will beſtow on thee.

Johnny the brisk Sailor, and *Nancy* his true Dear,
At *Plymouth* Church in Splendour did then there appear;
And married were with Joy, whilſt Trumpets they did ſound,
The Bells did ring, and Muſick play'd, and Healths went merrily round:
Now *Johnny* the brisk Sailor, has *Nancy* to his Wife,
In *Plymouth* Town this Couple do lead a happy Life.

Ge-ho Dobbin; *or, The Waggoner.*

AS I was a driving my Waggon Horſes one Day,
I met a young Damſel, tight, buxome, and gay;
I kindly accoſted her with a low Bow,
And I found my whole Body I cannot tell how.
Hie-ho Dobbin, *Ge-ho* Dobbin,
Hie-ho Dobbin, *Ge-ho, Ge-ho.*

I long'd to be at her and gave her a Kiſs,
She thought me but civil, nor took it amiſs;
I knew no recalling, the Minutes were paſt,
So began to make Hay while the Sun-ſhine did laſt.
Hie-ho Dobbin, &c.

I've Six-ſcore of Sheep, and each Ram has a Ewe,
And when my Cows lack to the Parſons Bull go;
We are made for each other, ſo prithee comply,
She bluſh'd, her Eyes twinkled, ſhe could not tell why.
Ah, poor Jenny, *fearful* Jenny,
Ah, poor Jenny, *Hie-ho, Hie-ho.*

I kiſs'd her again, ſhe reply'd with Diſdain,
No Kiſſes I want, prithee take them again;

Then

Then whiſper'd me ſoftly, the Weather was hot,
Her Mind ran on ſomething, ſhe could not tell what.
Ah, poor Jenny, *coaxing* Jenny, &c.

As down in my Waggon this Damſel I laid,
I ſtill kept a driving, for driving's my Trade;
I ruffled her Feathers, and tickled her Scut,
And play'd a round Rubber at Two-handed Put.
Well put Roger, *O brave* Roger,
Well put Roger, *Hie-ho, Hie-ho.*

Her Breaſts were as ſoft and as White as new Cream,
And her Motion kept Time with the Bells of my Team;
When her Bubbies went up, her plump Buttocks went down,
The Wheels ſeem'd to ſtand, and the Waggon went round.
Ah, brave Roger, *drive on* Roger,
Ah, brave Roger, &c.

To it and again to our Paſtime we went,
I play'd my Cards fairly to *Jenny*'s content;
I work'd at her Pump till my Suction drew dry,
Then I left off pumping for good Reaſon why.
Ah, poor Roger, *well broke* Roger,
Ah, poor Roger, *Hie-ho, Hie-ho.*

I thought e'er we parted to have had the other Blow,
When ſlap went the Waggon Wheel into a Slough;
Which ſhatter'd her Premiſſes out of Repair,
And *Roger*'s Pump-handle went the De'il knows where.
Ah, poor Roger, *broken-back'd* Roger,
Ah, poor Roger, *Hie-ho, Hie-ho.*

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